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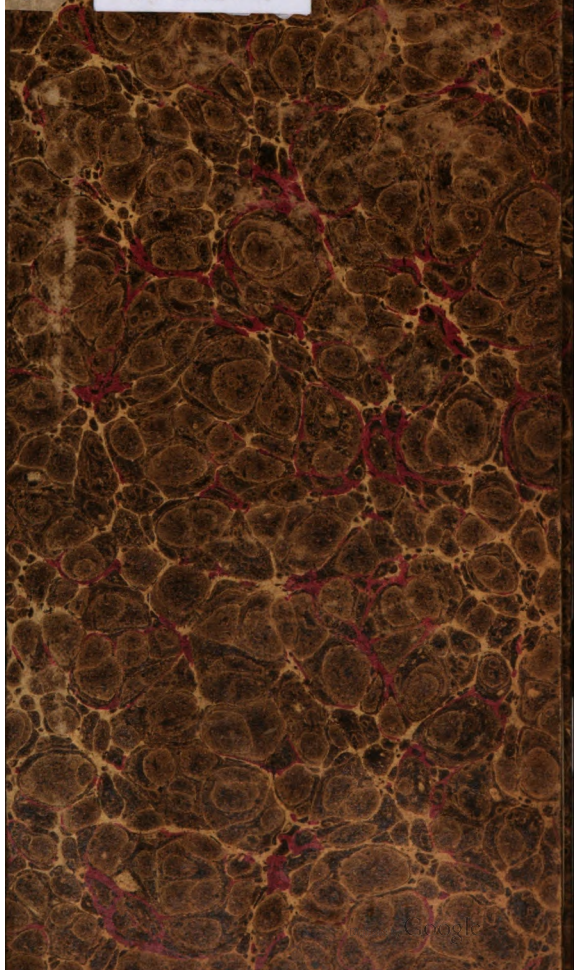
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THE BEQUEST OF
EVERT JANSEN WENDELL
(CLASS OF 1882)
OF NEW YORK

1918

2/-

THE
DISCARDED DAUGHTER;
A COMEDY,

IN FIVE ACTS.

BY JOSEPH P. PIRSSON, ESQ.

AS PERFORMED AT
NEW-YORK AND PHILADELPHIA.

NEW-YORK:
PUBLISHED BY WILLIAM STODART,
NO. 6 COURTLANDT-STREET.

1832.

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PREFACE.

THIS Play was written twenty years ago, in the youthful days of the Author, and performed for the first time at Richmond Hill Theatre, in January last, without any revision or corrections, and is so published. Should another edition be called for, the author hopes to be enabled to correct many of the errors which must have crept into its hasty representation and publication.

PROLOGUE.

WRITTEN BY A. A. LOCKE, ESQ., AND SPOKEN BY

MR. CLARKE.

Too long the Muse, attached to regal show,
Denies the scene to tales of humbler woe,—
Such as were wont, while yet they charm'd the ear,
To steal the plaudit of a silent tear :

When Otway gave domestic grief its part,
And Rowe's familiar sorrows touched the heart.

A scepter'd traitor, lash'd by vengeful fate,
A bleeding tyrant, or a falling state,
Are themes (thought nobly worth the classic song)
Which feebly claim your sighs, nor claim them long.

Other the scene, where sadly stands confest,
The private pang, that rends the sufferer's breast :
When sorrow sits upon a " Daughter's" brow,
And fortune mocks the youthful lover's vow,
All feel the tale—for who so mean but knows
What fathers' sorrows are, what lovers' woes ?

On your decree, to fix her future fate,
Depends " Eliza" for her whole estate :
Rich in your smiles, she charms the admiring town :
A very bankrupt—should you chance to frown :
For practice, then, suppose—this brief will show it—
Me, Clarke the lawyer, counsel for the poet :
Us'd to the ground—I know 'tis hard to deal
With this dread Court, from whence lies no *appeal* :
No trickling here, to blunt the edge of law,
Or damn'd in *equity*, escape by *flaw*,

My client's faults won't hurt another's ease,
His *crime*, at worst, a *bad attempt* to please :
And this his *merit*—this his honest pride—
To force applause, no modern arts are tried.
Should partial cat-calls all his hopes confound,
He bids no trumpet quell the fatal sound ;

Should welcome sleep relieve the weary wit,
He rolls no thunders o'er the drowsy pit ;
No snares, to captivate the judgment, spreads,
Nor bribes your eyes, to prejudice your heads :
To present pleasure he contracts his view,
And leaves his future fame to time and you.

Yet when so kind you seem, 'tis past dispute,
We gain some favor, if not *costs of suit* :
No spleen is here! I see no hoarded fury ;
I think I never faced a milder *jury*.
Sad else our plight ! whose frowns are transportation ;
A hiss the gallows, and a groan—damnation !
But such the public candor, without fear,
My client waves all *right of challenge* here !

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

	New-York.	Philadelphia.
Sir Gregory Dunstable,	<i>Mr. Wray</i>	<i>Mr. Quin-</i>
Theodore Adderly,	„ <i>Lennox</i>	„ <i>Murdock</i>
Captain Sedgwick,	„ <i>Judah</i>	„ <i>Thayer</i>
Rigby,	„ <i>Phillemore</i>	„ <i>Rice</i>
Gray,	„ <i>Chipp</i>	„ <i>Horton</i>
Thornton,	„ <i>Lindsley</i>	„ <i>Porter</i>
Venire,	„ <i>Clarke</i>	„ <i>Jones</i>
O'Leary,	„ <i>Russell</i>	„ <i>J. M. Brown</i>
Lubin Gubbins,	„ <i>Mestayer</i>	„ <i>H. Knight</i>
Waiters, Serv. &c.	<i>Waters & Flynn</i>	<i>Jones & Thompson</i>

WOMEN.

Eliza Dunstable,	<i>Miss Coleman</i>	<i>Miss. Riddle</i>
Goody Gubbins,	<i>Mrs. Reed</i>	<i>Mrs. Jones</i>

SCENE.—Partly in the neighbourhood of London, and partly in Yorkshire.

Note.—The lines marked with inverted commas (‘’) are omitted in the representation.

THE
DISCARDED DAUGHTER.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—A Street.

Enter CAPTAIN SEDGWICK and RIGBY.

Sed. Was it not well done, Jack? I counterfeited the young favorite to a tee, and we had rode a full quarter of a mile before she discovered her mistake.

Rig. I wish you joy, Dick, of your good luck. Then you have really got her in safe custody?

Sed. Really and truly; but my triumph is far yet from being complete: she is a stubborn piece, and I have not been able to overcome her rigid virtue. Will you believe it, Jack, the whole of last night was spent in supplications, which only met with disdain and contempt?

Rig. A bad beginning, Dick; but it is only what we anticipated. Persevere, and you are sure to succeed.

Sed. I am not quite so sanguine as I was; for when I attempted to force her into compliance, her screams soon brought the landlord of the house to her assistance. "He is an insolent Irishman, and without any ceremony burst into the room, although the door was locked, and promised 'to protect the dear creature' to the last drop of his blood if the jontleman treated her ill; altho' he was her husband and a Captain to boot, he would not see any pretty lady treated ill in his house." Thus terminated my first night's adventure, and my only hope of success is in the story I am to tell the old gentleman. "From his credulous disposition, I make no doubt but he will believe every word of it; and should she slip through my fingers, it is very probable he may turn her

“neck and heels out of doors without a hearing, and she
 “in a fit of desperation, perhaps, or out of revenge, will
 “allow me to conduct her to the hymeneal altar.”

Rig. In the meantime, hasten to the old gentleman ;
 tell him you are married ; get possession of her pa-
 pers, which settles her mother's fortune on her ; and
 then, Dick, fly on the wings of love to your charmer.
 “Devote the remainder of the time to fawning and flat-
 “tery ; to-morrow morning, on awaking, you will find her
 “in your arms ; she will then be glad to fly with you to
 “church to cover her shame in the ceremony of mar-
 “riage.

Sed. This is the course we agreed upon ; but, my
 dear fellow, it is easier to plan than to execute. The girl
 is most desperately in love with that methodistical
 canting ward of Sir Gregory's ; hat adopted darling !
 Women, Jack, are all rakes by nature ; and you may
 rely on it, were it not for sentiments of shame, there are
 very few who would give themselves much trouble about
 what is called *their virtue* for the sake of virtue. No,
 Jack, were it not for “*the world's dread laugh*,” women
 would be as eager to throw themselves into our arms, as
 we are to have them there.

Rig. But you were about to state some difficulty,
 “which, in your dissertation on women, seems quite to
 “have escaped you.”

“*Sed.* The great difficulty will be to get possession of
 “her papers. You know, Jack, what a passionate old dog
 “Sir Gregory is ; I, myself, am rather irritable, as you
 “also know. In the sudden burst of his passion, after I
 “have broken the affair to him, I fear my patience will not
 “hold out. Indeed, it is not likely he will give me an
 “opportunity of answering him ; but I will do my best ;
 “and if I fail on my first interview, I will try again.”

Rig. I think the greatest difficulty will be to persuade
 him of your marriage. That point accomplished, I make
 no doubt you will get the papers without any opposition.

Sed. At all events, it will not do to hazard matrimony
 without knowing on what footing I shall be with regard
 to fortune. It will therefore be necessary to gain pos-
 session of these papers, and leave nothing to chance : but

I must to business. Let me see you in the evening, and you shall hear the result.

Rig. At the Dragon?

Sed. Yes; it is an Inn of very good repute, tho' not frequented by people of the first fashion; I preferred it for this reason, thinking we were less liable to be discovered; but I do not feel altogether easy even there, and shall look out for a place more secluded, should I not succeed in my first interview with Sir Gregory. Let me see you in the evening; till when, adieu. *[Exit.]*

RIGBY solus.

I envy Dick the possession of this girl; still she must be his. I would not hazard what he is about to undertake, for her whole fortune. "It will be a downright felony if he gets her papers, and should not succeed with her. He is to seduce and then marry her; his first attempt has proved abortive; he must try again; again he may fail; she gives him the slip, relates the whole to her father, and then he arrests him. I have not yet appeared as an accomplice; but the part I am to act, will necessarily bring me into the scrape should we fail;" yet I am deeply interested; I am to share in the spoil so far as it regards her money. "He has been for these three months dangling at her heels to no purpose; she would not even trust herself alone with him for a moment; young Adderly is the object of her love, and her father's choice; my fortune is entirely dissipated, and I must replenish it somehow;" and Sedgwich, as well as myself, is over head and ears in debt. If he does not succeed in this enterprise, we shall soon become inhabitants of one of those honorable establishments, the Kings Bench or Fleet; and what is worse, should the deception be discovered, he will probably be snugly lodged in Newgate, and from thence transported to Botany Bay. Well, it is neck or nothing with us, and the prize in view is worth risking the danger. *[Exit.]*

SCENE II.—A room in SIR GREGORY DUNSTABLE'S house.

Enter THEODORE.

Theo. Eliza fled! Is it possible! "So much as she was beloved by her father, and so kindly as he doated on her, can she have left him voluntarily?" Oh, God! The thought distracts me. Fled, perhaps, with some vile seducer, and I the object of suspicion. "Does Sir Gregory know so little of me, whom he has reared as his own; I who have been from childhood under his protection; whom he has ever professed to love as his son, and has ever treated as such. What? seduce the daughter of my guardian, my friend, my father! S'death, it is an insult which I had little reason to expect from him; but his officious steward has put him up to this, and his loquacious neighbor Brooks. O heavens! what a mystery is this! My Eliza disappeared!" there is some villany in this; she cannot be false! sure 'tis a dream—Eliza fled! Just before she was missing she was locked in my embrace, and could she have flown from mine to another's? I left her but for a short time, and returning to resume my walk with her, she was gone. I thought it but a trick to tease me, and paced the ground till near midnight, when, finding she did not return, I grew frantic. Oh, my delight! my life! my love, shall I, must I lose you? No, so help me heaven! I'll find her or perish in the attempt! *[Exit.*

Enter LUBIN and GOODY GUBBINS.

Lub. I say, mother, this be the place as the gemman told us to wait for his honor. I be a lucky dog, beant I, mother?

Goody. Yes sure, my child, I be so dull and melancholy like tho'!

Lub. Why, mother?

Goody. Because, Lubin, I hate to part with un; an ye come to such a grand house, and such fine volk; you'll forget your poor old mother, Goody Gubbins. Ah! Lubin, it do come very hard with I, arter all the trouble I ha' been at to rear un to be a man, to part with un now in my old age. *(Cries.)*

Lub. A fig for that, mother: now I be coom'd up to

Lunnun, I shall wear fine satin brogues, and give you a power of money out of my earnings, mother, to make un comfortable. Come, come, cheer up, though I be coom'd to this vine house, and this here great city ; I shall never forget un.

Goody. Why this beant Lunnun, child.

Lub. Why, mother, the coachman told I as how they calls it all Lunnun for ten miles all round about the city like.

Goody. But they calls this place Edmondson : Lubin, zee what a fine gemman there be coming.

Lub. Eh, zo there be ; stand by, mother. (*gets behind her.*)

Enter a SERVANT.

Goody. Your sarvent, zir. Be you the gemman of the house ?

Ser. Mr. Gray, the steward, will wait on you directly. Please to walk into the next room.

Lub. (*Apart to his mother.*) Do you hear that, mother ? he'll wait on us.

Goody. Hold your tongue, Lubin ; we'll follow you, sir. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*Changes to the Steward's room.*

Re-enter GOODY and LUBIN, following the Footman.

Servant. He will be with you directly ; oh, here he comes. [*Exit.*]

Enter GRAY.

Gray. Well, my good woman, you want a footman's -place, it seems, for your son.

Goody. Ees, please your worship, Lubin be a smart lad, and very deserving of good wages, but he be summut shy, at present, being nought but a country lad, d'ye see, but as honest a heart as e'er broke bread, and comely enough too in his looks, for the matter o' that—though he be rusticated now wi' his dress, when your honor comes to smarten un up a bit with your fine laced liveries, I warrant un he will make as vine a gemman as the rest o' un.

Gray. What's your name, friend ?

Goody. Tell the gemman your name, Lubin.

Lub. Lubin Gubbins, please your worship.

Goody. Though he be so shy, he be a good-hearted lad; nay, for the matter o' that, no lad neither, for he coom'd of age a week afore last Christmas; but he vool improve.

Gray. I have heard a very good character of you, Lubin. Follow me, and I'll employ you immediately.

Lub. Very well, zir, I vool.

Gray. You may take your mother with you where she will get some refreshments—this way. [Exit.

Lub. He be a main clever chap! I know I's rather awkwardish; but that there will soon rub off; and I shall soon be as fine a gemman as the best on un, eh, eh, eh! [Exeunt.

Enter THEODORE.

Theo. Can she be false? Distracting thought—she cannot be! Where shall I fly? What course pursue to find her? Gone in a gig—gone where? and with a man resembling me? some villain has deceived her. “The shades of night were gathering thick around us when we parted. When I returned, oh, heaven! she was not there.” Ah, should I be again restored to my Eliza, and a much loved child to a fond father's arms, and by the man he has so grossly injured, it will be the happiest moment of my life. I will not despair. Rest shall be a stranger to me till I have succeeded in my undertaking. But here he comes.

Enter SIR GREGORY DUNSTABLE.

Sir G. Where have you conveyed her? Oh, tell me where! Was this your love, to ruin my poor child? for sure your object could be nothing else in tearing her from me. “Restore Eliza to me, pure as she left me, and then for ever shun this house, thou miscreant.”

Theo. Pray, sir, hear me; let me convince you that your suspicions are unjust and unfounded. This unfortunate affair grieves me as much as it does yourself. Eliza was every thing to me; I loved her to an excess beyond description; but it was not sensual love; it was the pure flame emanating from the heart. Do you think me a libertine? “The worst of libertines, to glut my horrid propensities, if I were such, on an object like Eliza?” Do you think me such a villain?

Sir G. I don't know what to think of it. Heaven grant you are innocent! I hope, my Theodore, you are; and if I have injured you, I am truly sorry. But you were with her—who took her away? where did she go?

Theo. These are the very questions, sir, I have myself been asking, but no one can answer them except Mr. Gray, who saw her driven off in a gig by some person resembling me. No exertions, on my part, shall be wanting to find her; and I hope soon to restore her to you. Oh, fortune, love, and friendship guide me. [Exit.

Enter LUBIN GUBBINS.

Lub. Zur, there be a gemman axing for un below.

Sir G. Who is it?

Lub. Who be I, zur? Why, I be Lubin Gubbins.

Sir G. Blockhead!—

Lub. What do you say, zur?

Sir G. No trifling, sir; who is that enquiring for me?

Lub. Oh, I ax your pardon, zur, the gemman calls unself Captain Sedgwick.

Sir G. Captain Sedgwick? show him up.

Lub. Ees, zur, I vool.

[Exit.

Sir G. My mind is not in a fit state to receive company.

Enter CAPTAIN SEDGWICK.

Sed. Good morning, Sir Gregory. I have taken the liberty of calling to inform you of an affair peculiarly interesting to us both.

Sir G. Indeed, sir, then I will thank you to be brief, as I am particularly engaged just now.

Sed. I wish to give you some information respecting your daughter.

Sir G. Kind sir, how can I thank you? Pray be quick, and let me hear it.

Sed. Well, sir, last evening, about sunset, as I was strolling through the lane which leads to the bottom of your garden, I beheld a gig at the garden gate, and your daughter in close conversation with a gentleman, who happened to be a particular friend of mine, and who had previously informed me that he was violently in love with

her, and that he had made many fruitless attempts to gain her hand, which he had been refused. I saw them drive off, and followed them to the church, where they were married.

Sir G. O God, is it possible ! Who is the villain ?

Sed. O he's a clever fellow, I can assure you, sir : one Captain Sedgwick.

Sir G. Captain Sedgwick ! Are you, then, the villain ? O heavens !

Sed. Nay, that's going rather too far. Had you consented to our marriage, and given her to me honorably, I can assure you I should never have taken this measure. "But we were determined on having each other, and "have been obliged to make use of foul means, when fair "ones would otherwise have answered. We are comfortably settled, thank God, in decent lodgings, at a respectable Inn, called the Dragon, not far off." Come, come, Sir Gregory, what is done can't be undone. I promise to make your daughter a good husband, and you a good son : I have now called at her request for her papers, particularly those which settle her mother's fortune on her, and am charged with a message from her, begging you to pardon our indiscretion, and receive us as your children.

Sir G. Scoundrel ! villain ! puppy ! Leave me—away—begone—or I will send for all the footmen to horse-whip you out.

Sed. I will leave you to cool yourself, and the next time we meet, I hope to see you a little more collected ; I trust, then, upon mature reflection, you will see the propriety of giving me up what has now become my lawful right without any further prevarication. [Exit.

Sir G. Married to this wretch ! I'll away to my attorney this instant ; I'll cut her off to a shilling. Theodore shall now have all. I have injured him,—I have wronged him,—and this is the best recompense I can make him. I will away. But he has gone in pursuit of her—perhaps he has not set off yet. How shall I meet him after treating him as I have ? [Exit

SCENE IV.—*The Dragon Inn.**Enter O'LEARY.*

O'Lea. This poor lady that has taken up her lodgings here, is not very delicate to be sure, else she would have went dead before this. To be sure, that husband of her's is the biggest baist I ever set my eyes on; to be sure, it didn't make my heart beat this morning to see how she strained her eyes a dear crature. Faith, here comes a jontleman of the gold lace order. I'll be after crack-ing a joke or two with him.

Enter LUBIN GUBBINS.

Lub. Be you Meister O'Leary?

O'Lea. I know nothing to the contrary, my jewel.

Lub. Well, zur, there be one angel here, as I be informed, as has run'd away with one Capt. Sedgwick, and I be com'd to zee about her.

O'Lea. Well, and what do you want to see about her, my jewel.

Lub. Nothing, no more nor I heard as how she be in distress, and I wanted to zee what I could do for her, that's all. You zee, I lives wi' her daddy, his honor, Sir Gregory Dunstable, and I be his footman.

O'Lea. Well, my jewel, what has that to do with the matter?

Lub. Well, no more nor as a body may say, that be a kind of recommendation.

O'Lea. And what might you call your name, my honey.

Lub. Lubin Gubbins.

O'Lea. Well, master Gubbins, and what has this self same recommendation to do with the fair crature in question.

Lub. Why, the question be, if you would let I zee her; for as I heard as how she be in distress, I think, though I's be poorish, I might do summit for her like; he! he!

O'Lea. I'll just tell you how it is, my jewel; as you seem to be a pretty clever fellow, and think that you can do something to serve the lady, I'll just take upon myself to let you see her just; but mark me, master Gubbins;

if any donkey driver, or what not, dares cock an eye of affection upon this lady, I'll be bound to say I'll give him a nate drubbing.

Lub. Why, you beant fallen in love wi' her yoursel', be ye?

O'Lea. Arrah, my dear, I should advise you not to be after making such a judy of yourself. How in the name of St. Patrick, and that's my own name, can I be in love with a lady that belongs to another man? Och, by the powers, you put me in a passion.

Lub. Some volks calls it passion, I know, but they say as love be more delicate.

O'Lea. Och, now, my jewel, be aisy; I don't want to affront you, upon my shoul.

Lub. Nor I you; so you zee, if ye have no objection, I'll go and zee the lady, and bide by what you told I.

O'Lea. Well, then, my jewel, I have no objection; follow your nose till you come to a pair of stairs, and at the top of them stairs, my dear, you'll see a door; when you come to that door, just give a tap, my honey, and the lady will let you in, where you will be cheek by jowl together, as comfortable as two bugs in a rug; and I don't hesitate to think but that your own good manners will taich you not to misbehave yourself while you're along with the lady.

Lub. That I shan't, for certain; zo I'll bid you good bye till I zees you again. [Exit.]

O'Lea. A clever lump of stupidity that. I did not come far from being in a passion once or twice, but I got off some how. Well, I shall just be after following Master Lubin Gubbins, to see what he'll be after being about above with the lady. Och, if I catch him misbehaving, won't I give him the baiting? [Exit.]

SCENE V.—SIR GREGORY'S house.

Enter SIR GREGORY DUNSTABLE and GRAY.

Sir G. You should be more cautious, Mr. Gray. I cannot think how you could possibly mistake Capt. Sedgwick for Theodore.

Gray. There is no resemblance in their person, cer-

tainly, sir, but it being in the dusk of the evening, and having seen Miss Dunstable and Mr. Adderly a short time before, sauntering up and down the lane, I think, sir, you will allow that my mistake was a very natural one. "Had I not, I should have communicated the affair to you immediately."

"Sir G. But it is very singular that Mr. Brooks also should make the same mistake. Could I do otherwise than treat Theodore as I did, when I had such unequivocal proof? Still I ought to have enquired further." How shamefully I used him! unfortunate young man! this is a stab to his peace of mind which he will never recover: he loved her to distraction, and she, the dissembling, artful jade, appeared to love him with equal ardour. Intriguing huzzy, to conceal her intercourse with this scoundrel till the very moment of her marrying him. This is consummate art.

Gray. Perhaps, sir, you may even yet be deceived.

Sir G. How can I be deceived, when I have it from the villain's mouth? Did he not demand her papers? Would he have done this, had he not been her husband? No, sir! there is no deception here; she is either his wife or his mistress; and bad as she is, I do not think she would be the latter.

Gray. Perhaps, sir, she is neither.

Sir G. Has she not left me?

Gray. Yes sir; but this Sedgwick may have told his tale to serve some artful purpose of his own.

Sir G. But how could he have known of her departure?

Gray. Heaven only knows; still I must think her innocent.

Sir G. Innocent! of what? Is she here? has she not eloped?—clandestinely eloped, without one single cause of provocation?—Fled from her father's house, a kind, indulgent, tender, loving father? Do you call this innocence? But you would make her out worse than the wretch her husband has done, if he is her husband. It is idle, it is vain, Mr. Gray, to raise any doubts; I have it from his own lips, and it is impossible it should be otherwise.

Gray. I feel a secret impulse, which assures me this

man has deceived you. I think it will not be long before you find it so. (*Going.*)

Sir G. If Theodore has not yet set off on his search, request him to meet me in my study. [*Exit GRAY.*]

Sir G. Solus.

"Innocent! yes, I trust she is innocent of pollution. But she is married to a libertine, a spendthrift, and a beggar." Oh, wretched girl! how have I been deceived in you. Could I have been so blinded by my love as not to see her cunning? for I have ever thought her a model of her sex, and not her sex only, but for mankind at large. Oh! what deceptive, what bewitching arts she has used to deceive my honest, virtuous Theodore; and he too, by love, must also have been blinded. Unhappy youth, unhappy parent! But I will never see her more. I have discarded her. [*Exit.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—A room in SIR GREGORY'S house.

Enter ELIZA.

Eliza. Thank heaven, I have escaped the villain! But should my father think me guilty after what the artful wretch has told him, and discard me, "all my efforts will be useless; I shall be in his power; he will not surely be so rash; yet his credulous disposition prompts him to place confidence in every thing he hears; and he does believe it, so the wretch has told me." The villain locked me in, thinking to make a prisoner of me till he returned; but the good Irishman liberated me. What am I reduced to! Oh, wretched Eliza! What will be my condition should he spurn me from his presence without a hearing? torn from my father's house by a villain, I shall be a poor unfortunate wanderer, and the unhappy victim of perfidy. Oh, God! the thought distracts me!

Enter SIR GREGORY DUNSTABLE.

Sir G. What is your business with me? Can you expect to find an asylum here when you have one provided

for you that you like much better; or do you come on an errand from your husband.

Eliza. It is as I feared. My dear father, is it possible you can think me such a wretch, and can you be so cruel as to spurn me from you thus? Have I ever given you cause to think me capable of such ingratitude—of such folly? I have been vilely entrapped, and I have now just escaped from the fangs of a monster.

Sir G. I will not hear you, audacious hussy. I have cut you off. You are no more my child. If he is a monster, he is one of your own seeking; but I have done with you—leave me.

Eliza. What! will you banish me for my misfortune? Consign me to the power of a wretch whose only object is to ruin me? Am I deserving of this treatment? And can you suppose that I left you voluntarily? Oh, this is too much—it is unsupportable.

Sir G. Begono, I say.

Eliza. Only hear me. You have been deceived; I will relate every particular. Indeed you wrong me.

Sir G. Not a word. Leave me, I say; I'll not be tampered with.

Eliza. (*Kneeling.*) Behold me at your feet, your only child, your daughter. I am innocent: "but if you choose to think me guilty, behold me on my knees a suppliant for mercy. Take again to your protection your only child." Behold your offspring kneeling for pardon. (*Rising hastily.*) Ah, pardon did I say? For what do I ask it, when I have committed no offence? My brain is half turned, and I know not what I say.

Sir G. Your supplications are vain; I am determined never more to look on you as my child, though the grief your conduct will excite in me, will most likely shorten my days. I now pronounce, once for all, that I have done with you.

Eliza. Do but hear my story, and then if you have the heart to treat me thus, I will never trouble you again.

Sir G. I say again it is in vain to plead. Never let me see your face again within these doors. [Exit.

ELIZA *solus*.

Oh, hard hearted man ! what have I ever done to deserve this treatment ? Is it possible that my once kind and loving father can be thus cruel ? Have I not given him sufficient proofs of my affection to deserve a better return ? I will hasten immediately to the Inn—send here for some few clothes—and then fly from the world, and bury myself in the wilds of some remote place, where I shall be out of the reach of the prying eye of curiosity, or the scoffs of an ungracious world. *[Exit.*

SCENE II.—*The Dragon Inn.*

Enter O'LEARY and LUBIN GUBBINS.

Lub. Why, mun, what did ye tell I such a lie for ?

O'Lea. Arrah, now, and what is that you say ?

Lub. So ye did ; mistress beant there.

O'Lea. Master Gubbins, if you are after valuing your reputation, or any thing of the like, I should advise you not to be bothering myself, Mr. Patrick O'Leary, with any of that kind of talk, as he does not very frequently make a practice of putting up with it.

Lub. Why, mun, that's the way us Yorkshire volks talks.

O'Lea. The devil it is ; you'll be after larning better manners, Master Gubbins, when you're in company with jontlemen, or I'm mistaken.

Lub. He ! he ! well, no offence, I hope, Meister O'Leary, ye zee I's a simple Yorkshire lad, and means no harm.

O'Lea. Faith, now, I'll bemean myself to give you a shake of the fist, Master Gubbins, and should have no objection to tipping off a drop of whiskey with you to our better acquaintance.

Lub. Don ; if it was but a nice draught of Lunnun porter, or some of our nice Yorkshire ale, mun, I had rather, d'ye zee.

O'Lea. Take away your beer, my jewel, we'll make friends over a nate little bowl of whiskey punch.

Lub. but I's afraid it will get into my head, mun, for T's had nought to pass through my lips since breakfast.

O'Lea. You need not be after bothering yourself about

that, Master Lubin; for sure you shall take a bit of a lunch with me, honey; I'll trate you to some mealy potatoes, boy.

Lub. If it was but a good rump steak, now.

O'Lea. And sure that shall be thrown in by way of sauce; but potatoes, boy, och!

SONG.

Potatoes they're good for the skin,
They make it so white and so clear;
As for drink, give me none of your gin,
Nay, nor none of your brown bitter bear.

But whiskey for Pat is the drink;
Och, the charms of desire it creates,
And whatever the ladies may think,
Sure an Irishman's heart it elates.

When cupid in embrayo stands,
With his dart pointed keen at the heart,
The powers of love it commands,
And infuses that pleasing dread smart.

'Tis whiskey that melts down the soul,
And to softest impressions refines;
Ah, who can its powers control?
For, with pleasure, sure love it combines.

And potatoes for Pat are the fare,
Which strengthen his body and mind;
This truth I will boldly declare—
A weak Irishman where will you find?

And sure, then, potatoes and whiskey,
To Pat are the sources of life;
They make him so brisk and so friskey,
So fond of good cheer and his wife.

Lub. Thank ye. By gum, my mouth do begin to water for a drop of your whiskey, ye ha gin it so good a recommendation: but how came you to make such a fool of a body?

O'Lea. Why, now, in the name of St. Patrick, how

could I tell whether the lady was there or no? That is her room, and when she is there, she is not out of it, but when she's out of it she's not there. Do you suppose I keep by the lady's side all the time, so as to know every time she goes out and comes in?

Lub. Well, well, we won't say no more about it, as that be the case.

O'Lea. That's the best plan, master Lubin; we'll forget our—

Enter Waiter.

Wait. The Captain's lady has just returned, sir, seemingly in great distress, and wishes to see you immediately.

O'Lea. Och, bless the sweet cratur, and sure I'll wait on her, and tell her I'm coming immediately. (*Exit Waiter.*) The lady is come, my jewel; so I'll take you to her, and we will see what we can do for her between us; for she is a sweet cratur, and that husband of her's is the biggest baist I ever saw. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—A street.

Enter SEDGWICK and RIGBY meeting.

Sed. Ah, Jack, most àpropos. Where are you going?

Rig. I was just on my way to your lodgings. How is your fair incognita to-day?

Sed. Very well, as far as I know; but, damn her, I have something else to talk about. Suppose, as we are both in town, we give a call on our pretty captives in Titchfield-street.

Rig. With all my heart; but what success did you meet with the old gentleman.

Sed. He believed every word of my story, and his rage was so great, that he threatened to have me tossed in a blanket by his footman, or something like it; and when I mentioned the papers, you would have thought he was standing barefoot on a red hot iron; he danced about like a Merry Andrew.

Rig. And he really believed every word? Bravo! The most difficult part of the business is accomplished: and have you seen your fair one since?

Sed. Within these two hours. I rede immediately from the Dragon to town, and had just alighted from the horse, when I met you.

Rig. Indeed! and how did she receive the news?

Sed. I'faith she had it from Sir Gregory himself; for you must know that my back was no sooner turned, than off she was like a shot. The old gentleman has discarded her; and, when she appeared prostrate before him, begging, in the most supplicating manner, that he would hear her story; fled from her in the utmost fury, and had her turned out of doors.

Rig. And so the old boy turned you both out of doors, eh, son and daughter!

Sed. Yes; but I took care to remind him that I should call again for the papers. You would have cracked your sides with laughter to see what a passion he was in.

Rig. And you really made him think you were married?

Sed. Certainly; for which, as I said, he has discarded his daughter.

Rig. Is it possible that he put such confidence in what you said? Why, he must be a fool, indeed; if I were the girl, I'd take up with some fellow out of revenge; there rest your hopes.

Sed. Yes, revenge or desperation, or both, seem to promise almost certain success. She has no other resource at present. To-night, Jack, will be the time of trial; and, if I succeed, to-morrow will see us man and wife. She has returned to the Dragon. Is this not a voluntary surrender? Oh, to-night, my boy, I shall be the happy man.

Rig. You see how truly I prophesied. It is just as I said. The moment you have secured her, away to the old gentleman, and if he still refuses you her papers, sue him; the law will soon force them from him.

Sed. Our credit will soon be re-established, and our fortunes made: but come, jack, we will discuss the matter as we go along.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*A room in SIR GREGORY'S house.**Enter LUBIN GUBBINS.*

Lub. I always was a lucky dog, by gum; I thought madam would consent to go with I up to old mother Goody Gubbins; there she'll be taken care on—dear lady! and meet with kind treatment like. She says as how she means to sew and spin, and I don't know what all; but that she sha'nd as long as Lubin Gubbins ah gotten a varthing in the world. Dom, how it do grieve I to zee how the pretty Miss ah been treated. Oh, if that chap that calls humsel her husband was here, how I would lick un. I feel as if I could send him to the old boy in a trice. And that be a good soul, that there O'Leary, though he be an Irishman; and hang me if I don't think as them Irish volk be as good as any others, except it be them as comes from Yorkshire. I think it be very good on Master O'Leary to get a chaise and things for us, and he ha done us a great sarvice; well I must go and zee about Miss; I suppose she will be ready to go by the time I gets to the Dragon. *[Exit.]*

*Enter SIR GREGORY DUNSTABLE, followed by a SERVANT.**Sir G.* Request Mr. Thornton to walk in. *[Exit SER.]**Enter MR. THORNTON, booted and spurred, his boots muddy.*

Thor. I hope, sir, you will pardon my appearing before you in this plight. I have just arrived from Buckinghamshire, and the roads are very dirty.

Sir G. Pray, Mr. Thornton, don't mention it; I have expected you several days, and not seeing you, I wrote yesterday.

Thor. I received your letter just as I was setting off; but may I enquire, sir, how you are? your looks denote ill health.

Sir G. That is occasioned by the state of my mind, which, in consequence of some domestic misfortunes, is far from being an enviable one.

Thor. Indeed, sir! I hope Miss Dunstable and Mr. Adderly are well; I hope, sir, that nothing has happened of a—

Sir G. They are both well, as far as I know; but, oh, Mr. Thornton, I am ruined!

Thor. Sir, you astonish me. "Excuse my inquisitiveness; I feel grieved at what you say, but pardon me if I have wounded your feelings."

"*Sir G.* You have not wounded my feelings Mr. Thornton I repeat it, I am ruined; the wound has come from a quarter you little think of. That daughter you have just enquired after is the culprit; she has stabbed me to the heart."

"*Thor.* You shock me! you stagger me, sir! your daughter, the amiable, the lovely Miss Dunstable?"

Sir G. Yes, sir, that paragon of excellence, as she has always been considered—that idol of my heart, my only child, (will you believe it?) she has run off with an abandoned profligate, and is now the wife of a beggar.

Thor. Impossible! at least incredible—do I hear you right, sir—married to a beggar?

Sir G. He is no better; it is one Captain Sedgwick, a notorious libertine and gambler. He has squandered away a fortune at the gaming table. As his last resource, he has run away with an heiress, and that heiress is my daughter.

Thor. This is indeed a heavy trial; but may we not hope that the young gentleman will reform?

Sir G. He has used her ill already, and she already repents of her bargain; she sought shelter under my roof, and bewailed her indiscretion to me; but I have discarded her—she is my child no longer. Is not this enough to make me look ill, Mr. Thornton? Yes, it will soon break my heart.

Thor. And how, sir, is Mr. Adderly? I hope he will make you some amends for your daughter's misconduct.

Sir G. I hope he is well, but I fear not; he was her intended husband; "and bears this distressing event with less fortitude, I think, than even I do." he loved her, sir, with the most enthusiastic devotion; and who could have thought her undeserving of it?

Thor. Who, indeed, could have thought it; "but he is young, sir; he may overcome a passion which he sees has been misplaced."

Sir G. I sent for you, Mr. Thornton, on his behalf; he is now of age, and I wish to know the state of his affairs, since I am about giving them up into of his own hands.

Thor. Very right, sir; and I dare say you can account to

him for your proceedings to his satisfaction ; I have laid out the money in my hands to the best advantage, in the improvement of his estates in Buckinghamshire, and the farms will now rent for double what they did when I first took charge of them : I have brought with me an account of what I have received, and receipts for what I have expended.

Sir G. And Theodore is so well satisfied with your proceedings, that he intends to retain you as his steward.

Thor. I am happy, sir, in meriting his approbation, and hope ever to deserve his favor.

Sir G. We will retire to my study, if you please, and there make a finish of the business. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE V.—RIGBY'S lodgings.

CAPTAIN SEDGWICK and RIGBY discovered at a table drinking wine.

Sed. I don't half like our landlord at the Dragon ; I am fearful he will blow the whole affair to Sir Gregory.

Rig. You say she has told him all the particulars ?

Sed. Yes, but he does not believe her story.

Rig. Then, notwithstanding all she says, he thinks her Mrs. Sedgwick ?

Sed. So it appears from the conversation I had with him this morning, and he had the assurance to forbid me his house unless I could treat the dear creature better ; for, though I was her husband, he would not stand by and see a pretty lady like her imposed upon.

Rig. Then your present business in town is to procure fresh lodgings ?

Sed. Certainly, and I must secure them to-day, so that we may put up in them to-night ; for nothing can be done where that arrogant Irishman is. The house we were looking at in this street will answer the purpose. What say you ? shall we take it ?

Rig. We have seen nothing that is likely to answer our purpose so well ; therefore, I think we had better secure it immediately. But our bottle is empty, we will replenish it with another and then be off.

Enter a PORTER drunk, with a pormanteau.

Rig. Who have we here ?

Por. Can you tell me who this thing is for, ey ?
(*hiccups, throws down the portmanteau.*)

Rig. Why, you drunken rascal, do you know where you are ?

Por. Who—(*hiccup.*) who does this trunk belong—long to—I—I say ?

Rig. How dare you, sirrah, enter into the presence of gentlemen, without knowing first whether it was agreeable ? who are you, and what is your business here ?

Por. Answer my (*hiccup*)—I say, answer my question first, and I'll answer your's.

Rig. Impudent scoundrel ! tell me your business instantly, or I'll kick your drunken carcase down stairs headlong.

Por. The—the devil you will ?

Rig. (*Collaring him.*) This instant leave the room.

Por. I'll see you d——d first.

Rig. Out with you, you drunken beast. [*Exeunt Porter and RIGBY kicking him before him ; a noise is heard without.*]

Re-enter RIGBY.

Rig. A drunken, impudent scoundrel ; I have lodged him safe at the bottom of the stairs.

Sed. Yes, but you have left his portmanteau.

Rig. That goes after him, then. What's this ? (*Sees a letter on the floor, and picks it up, to CAPT. O'SEDGWICK.*) This is for you, I perceive.

Sed. For me ! Why, this is my portmanteau. What the devil's the meaning of this ? But the letter, I suppose, will explain. (*Reads.*) "To CAPT. O'SEDGWICK." Sir—If you have any value for yourself at all, at all, I would advise you to keep your beautiful face away from here, for I can assure, my dear, nobody wants to see it. You need not be after bothering yourself at all, at all, about your clothes, my jewel, for I have sent them all to you : and look 'e here, Master Sedgwick ; your wife, or the jewel that you call so, has given you the slip, you see ; "she has taken a trip to Yorkshire, my honny, "Och, by the powers, what the deuce am I talking about ? "To Yorkshire, did I say ? Don't you believe it, my jewel ;

"I was only making a mistake, just;" I shan't tell you, my dear, where she's gone, for it ha'n't my intintion to let you know. Content yourself, my honey, that she's gone away, and you will never get her again; so you needn't think she's gone to Yorkshire, "for that was a 'bit of a mistake of mine, just:" so you need not be after going to look for her there, for you won't find her; so, with all due respect for your good qualities, and the like, I bid you good bye.

PATRICK O'LEARY.

Why, the Irish rascal, did you ever see impudence to equal this? What had I best do?

Rig. Pursue her. It is plain from what the fellow says, that she has gone to Yorkshire. Set off immediately, and it is more than probable you will overtake her.

Sed. Let's away, Jack, we have not a moment to lose; but what shall I do with this fellow? how shall I punish him for his insolence?

Rig. Leave him alone—pocket the affront; you are in a great measure in his power: as for punishment, that's out of the question.

Sed. But Yorkshire is a large country. How shall we find out what part she's gone to?

Rig. Bribe the servants at the Dragon, and if they cannot tell, we may trace her on the road by enquiring at the different Inns.

Sed. We will make immediate preparation, and set off, within half an hour. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VI.—A room in SIR GREGORY'S house.

Enter SIR GREGORY DUNSTABLE and GRAY.

Sir G. You say he's gone?

Gray. Yes, sir.

Sir G. Unthinking young man! why will he pursue an object that never can be his, and who is so unworthy of his notice. He is now the only comfort I have left. I lost my wife without repining, and my beloved Adeline, who was virtuous and good; I have learnt to bear affliction; but Theodore is now every thing to me; he is the only child I have left—for such I shall ever consider him and if he leaves me too, it will indeed break my heart.

Gray. That he will never do ; and oh, sir, let me entreat you not to be too hasty with your daughter. I really do not believe a syllable of what the Captain has told you ; and till you have some more convincing proofs of the fact, do not wrong her, sir, by casting her off unheard.

Sir G. I have received stronger proofs than you think for ; Mr. Brooks, who is a man of great integrity, is well acquainted with the whole affair, and informs me that my daughter has had frequent conferences with this Sedgwick. You know his garden joins mine ; he has therefore had opportunities of seeing what passed.

Gray. But, sir, may he not have mistaken Mr. Adderly for this Sedgwick ?

Sir G. Impossible ! He knows Theodore as well as I do.

Gray. I would answer with my life, sir, for the innocence of Miss Dunstable, and never shall forgive myself for doubting it a moment. I will not stand by and see a man grossly imposed upon, and a female barbarously treated. Indeed, sir, it is next to impossible Miss Dunstable, should be the wife of Sedgwick—she detests the man—and if she would not be his wife, certainly she would not be his mistress. “ Had it been Mr. Adderly, “ as I at first thought it was, the case would have been “ very different. I am sorry if the freedom of my speech “ has offended you, sir ; I would not have taken the liberty “ in any other case, but I must speak my mind when justice requires it.” [Exit

Sir G. Noble, good-hearted man, “ I do from my heart “ forgive you, and heartily concur with you in the merits “ of Theodore ;” but I fear you are mistaken as to Eliza ; happy indeed should I be, if her innocence could be established ; but, alas ! I have proofs that are too strong to the contrary ; proofs that convince me of her guilt. “ How little did I dream of becoming the unhappy man “ I now am ; but I must drive away reflection, or it will “ drive me to despair.” Oh, Eliza ! ungrateful girl, you will, you must repent “ Yes, but she can never undo “ what she has done ; still she may repent of the past.” Oh, did she but know the effect it has on her injured father ; “ but here comes my officious steward again—he haunts me like my evil genius.” [Exit.

Re-enter GRAY.

Gray. There he goes with tears in his eyes—this is my opportunity. Now, if ever, is the time to convince him he is deceived; now, if ever, is the time to turn his hard heart. How unlike the man he used to be, is he now! But he is imposed upon. Too weak to see through designing men, he believes every artful tale he hears, and is the dupe of every plotting knave. I must and will think Eliza innocent, tho' at first I implicated her, thinking she had gone with Theodore. I never, from the first, believed she had gone voluntarily with Sedgwick. The rascal took her by force, and shall suffer for it if my suspicions are correct.

Enter a SERVANT.

Ser. My master desires your presence in his study.

Gray. I will be with him directly. [*Exit Servant.*] A good opportunity to renew my subject. [*Exit.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—A Picturesque country.

Enter THEODORE.

Theo. I have certainly been misinformed: no traces of her can I find here. If she is innocent, cruel has been her fate. Can it be possible that she would yield to the embraces of such an abandoned wretch as Sedgwick, "and even without going through the ceremony of marriage? Is this the character to captivate my Eliza—to draw her from the rigid path of virtue? Impossible! it cannot be. Yet, what glaring particulars have I not heard to confirm the fact, and certainly it is almost impossible it should be otherwise. While at the Dragon, they occupied but one apartment; but it seems the "scoundrel used her ill, and she has left him for it," not married, if that be the case—though she never can be

mine. Happy shall I be in restoring her to her afflicted father ; thrice happy if it is not too late to recall her to a virtuous life ; and perhaps time and a perpetual change of scene may obliterate, in some degree, the deep-rooted impression of her charms ; if not, it will at least do one kind office for me, and that I care not how soon ; it will cancel the debt due to nature, by paying which I shall be eased of every burden.

Enter O'LEARY.

O'Lea. And the devil take me if I can find them ; I thought it would be a nate joke to follow them sliely, and see how they made out ; but I might as well have left it alone, just. Dame Gubbins, it seems, is not much known about here, for I've axed every body in the place to no purpose : now, if Master Lubin should have made a fool of me, just, to run off with this jewel,—Och, by my soul, who have we here ? Your servant, sir. (*aside.*) Now this spalpeen has overheard my conversation to myself ; I'll up to him. Your servant, sir : might I make so bold as to ax you if you know one Goody Gubbins about here ?

Theo. I am a stranger here, my friend, as well as yourself, and wish, if possible, to gain some information of a young lady who has lately taken refuge here.

O'Lea. Och, sure you don't say so, now ? I am on the same errand, just. Is it one Mrs. Sedgwick you are looking after, now, that took her flight with a bogtrotter of a footman.

Theo. I don't understand you, friend ; took her flight with a footman ?

O'Lea. Arrah, now, and didn't she travel with him to Yorkshire here, on purpose to get clear of that judy of a Captain.

Theo. Captain Sedgwick ! the same. Pray, my dear fellow, where is she ?

O'Lea. Fire an' ouns, d'yd'nt I but just tell you, my honey, that I was searching for her myself ?

Theo. True ; but do you not know which is the most likely place to find her ?

O'Lea. To be sure, man, she's gone with that spalpeen to his mother's, old Goody Gubbins.

Theo. If that's the only obstacle, we will soon surmount it, and I am extremely obliged to you for your information.

O'Lea. But pray, now, who is it that yourself is, to bother me so much about the matter? Pray, now, did that Captain send you here?

Theo. I am glad to see you so cautious, but you have nothing to fear from me; I am as much a friend to Miss Dunstable as you are; my name is Adderly; her father was my guardian.

O'Lea. Well, now, I beg your honor's pardon; I took you to be some friend of that blackguard Captain. If your honor pleases, I'll step and make a few enquiries, just.

Theo. Do, my dear fellow, and let me know the result; you'll find me at yonder Inn.

O'Lea. Och, let me alone for telling your honor all about it; but you need'n't look much for seeing me again till I find them out. So I'll bid your honor good bye for the present. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—A room in SIR GREGORY'S house.

Enter GRAY and VENIRE.

Gray. Well, sir, if your business is not of a private nature, you may communicate to me, as I am his steward.

Ven. My business, friend, is not with you, but Sir Gregory, and being with Sir Gregory, it is not with you: that argues that I have no business with you, but Sir Gregory, and I must see him *in personum instantur*.

Gray. Well, sir, I tell you plainly you cannot.

Ven. But give me leave to tell you that you do not pay me the respect which is *bona fide* due and owing to me, considering my profession. I have the honor to be—

Gray. A lawyer.

Ven. True, I carry on that respectable profession, under the name, title, style, and description, of—

Gray. Ezekiel Venire—

Ven. Esquire, Attorney at Law, Solicitor in Chancery, with a great many *et cetera*; but I am wasting my time when I should be attending to my business, or rather to the business of my friends; to wit, Clients. Forward my

request, friend, without further delay, to Sir Gregory.
(*aside.*) A good fee—hem!

Gray. Do you take me for Sir Gregory's footman? If you wish to see him, I will send one to you who will carry the message. [Exit.

VENIRE *solus.*

I see something like promotion in this business. Captain Sedgwick having taken off this girl, the old fellow will certainly apprehend him; lawyer's advice must be obtained; I shall be employed; the point contested, brought into court; and, in fact, it will make a man of me; for I am as poor as any of the rats in my office, who can find nothing to feed upon but parchment and packthread—and devilish little of that.

Enter a SERVANT.

Ser. What are your commands, sir?

Ven. I command you to summon Sir Gregory Dunstable, Knight, to appear before me, Ezekiel Venire, Esq., *instantur* in this place, to answer unto certain questions which will be then and there put to him; and this you are not to omit, under the penalty of my displeasure,

Ser. Very well, sir.

[Exit, laughing.]

Ven. O, Law! Law! thou art a starving profession with all the honor and dignity that is attached to thee, unless thy votaries are propped up by such pillars as the worthy Knight, with whom I am now about to ingratiate myself, under pretence of serving the cause of justice, but having at the same time an eye to my own interest. A better plea certainly never was pleaded in any cause, than the one which I am in fact about to plead for myself, though nominally on behalf his daughter. And though I am but an Attorney, I shall act the part of a Counsellor by artfully appealing to his feelings, and by arousing that latent spark of parental love which will overcome the resentment of the man in the affections of the father: this point gained, I may then set myself down as his Attorney General. Oh, what a ravishing prospect is here opened to my view! To have the management of the immense estates of Sir Gregory Dunstable, would, in itself, be a

fortune ; but in addition to this, it would bring me a vast accession of business from other quarters. Let me see. How shall I introduce myself ? It is devilish awkward for a man to introduce himself. But—hem, hem—I hope your honor will pardon—Oh ! here he comes ; now for it.

Enter SIR GREGORY DUNSTABLE.

Ven. I hope your honor will pardon this intrusion. My name is Ezekiel Venire, by profession an Attorney. Having lately established myself in this neighborhood, my person is not known to your honor, though my name may have reached you, as I have been concerned in important causes which were tried at the last assizes, in which Mr. Serjeant Browbeat appeared as Counsel for my clients.

Sir G. Your name, sir, has indeed reached my ears, and I believe there are but few in these parts to whom it is not known ; all that remains for you now to do is, to acquaint me with your present business, as I am not much disposed for trifling.

Ven. My business, as I have already told your Honor, is that of an Attorney ; but my business with you (altho' certainly connected with my profession,) is of a very delicate nature : pardon me, Sir Gregory, if I am diffident in proposing a subject which must be very near your heart ; it is in the cause of justice that I am now before you. I stand here as the humble advocate of the violated laws of my country, and as the instrument by which they may be redressed. The offence I at present allude to, ought to be followed up with the utmost vengeance of the law ; for it is one of the most atrocious crimes known to the laws of our country. It is in its nature two fold ; *Personal* and *Relative* ; *personal*, as regards the individual who suffers, and *relative*, as it regards the country whose laws are violated.

Sir G. This is all very fine, sir ; but I am not yet informed what your business with me is. I must beg you will trifle with me no longer, as I have some affairs of importance which will oblige me to leave you rather abruptly if you do not come to the point at once.

Ven. The point no doubt will be contested if it is

brought into court, and perhaps the character of the young lady may be roughly handled by the opposite counsel, both in cross-examining the witnesses and in summing up. However, innocence never shrinks from an investigation; and justice, as hath been well observed, though often slow, is sure. In this case, your Honor will, I trust, see the necessity of adopting the proceedings I am about to recommend. It is said that she is innocent, and that the act was involuntary on her part; if so pardon me, Sir Gregory, surely nature will plead in your breast the cause of your injured daughter.

Sir G. Impertinent, audacious, trifling puppy! How dare you assume the part of a dictator and moralizer to me, so much your superior in rank and fortune, your senior in age, and a stranger to your person, though not to your foibles. Do you think that my feelings are to be worked upon by such a thing as you are; or that age has so far absorbed my faculties as to render me blind to your cunning. I well know what you are aiming at, and so I did before you had said ten words; but I will hear you out; only be on your guard; for if you awaken my resentment, you may rely on it you will repent it.

Ven. I humbly ask your honor's pardon, if, in an unguarded moment, I gave too full a vent to my feelings. But I can assure you, Sir Gregory, that the legal advice which I humbly beg leave to offer you, will be the means of restoring your daughter to you, and of punishing the villain who has dared to inveigle her from you; for, if I am rightly informed, he is no more married to her than I am.

Sir G. Sir, whatever your motives are, I now tell you plainly I do not intend to enter into legal proceedings, and if I did, you are the last man in your profession I should choose to employ. As regards the young lady in whose cause you have been so eloquent, I have discarded her; and were I ever so much disposed to take your advice, I have no claim on her, for she is married, which I firmly believe to be the case, your insinuation to the contrary notwithstanding. *[Exit.]*

Ven. So much for you, old boy; I see you are not to be diddled by me. My touching eloquence, my forcible appeals, all went for nothing; and yet, I believe, when

he talked of resentment, and was fired at the mention I made of his daughter, it somewhat moved him. I noticed his countenance, he turned pale : this is the string I must touch upon, and I may yet succeed. If I can only accomplish this object, my fortune is made ; the reputation of being his Attorney will soon bring me into notice with the surrounding gentry ; the resentment he talked of seems to be pointed more at his daughter than me ; if I can only turn the edge of it against the Captain, my object is gained. Let me see ; there's the young Squire Adderly ; what if I attack him ? Love is a powerful incentive to revenge. A lucky thought ! I'll hunt him up, and if I can prevail with him, he will prevail with Sir Gregory, and success will crown my efforts. At present, fortune is at a cursed low ebb with me ; I have but few clients, and those few are too poor to pay me my bills of costs. I have not at this moment money enough to procure an original writ, or even a common latitat. Zooks, this will never do ! I must make a push ! One fat client, like Sir Gregory, would set me on my legs. But I will to the steward ; *nunc aut nunquam* is my maxim. Methinks I have some paltry verses which I scribbled over in one of my gloomy fits ; oh, here they are, I'll hum them over before I start.

SONG..

The law is my profession,
A noted one I trow ;
And I am in possession
Of clients high and low.

But few they are in number,
And lukewarm is their zeal ;
The law they leave to slumber,
And me to beg or steal.

[Exit.]

SCENE III.—*Changes to a room in GOODY GUBBINS' cottage—a spinning wheel and other implements of rusticity are discovered, and ELIZA is seen seated at the spinning-wheel.*

Eliza. It will soon be in my power to make this good woman some amends for her kindness to me. She is

poor, and though I am at present destitute and forlorn, it will not long be so ; I have an ample fortune which it is neither in the power of a cruel father nor vile persecutor to rob me of, and shall have a supply of money as soon as I can arrange my affairs so as to appoint an agent in town to make me remittances : I am delighted with this place ; and oh, if I were here under happier circumstances, it would be a perfect paradise to me ; the harp and the piano I would willingly exchange for the loom and the spinning wheel, and to the enlivening hum I would unite my voice, and make a sweeter melody, with a heart at ease, than all the instruments of music could do without it. Yes, with this wheel would I chaunt my orisons ; here pour forth my grateful soul for the sublime enjoyments of this peaceful vale, were these enjoyments within my reach. They may be yet within my reach ! It is my Theodore who could render this a vale of bliss, a complete Elysium ! But should he too cast me off ! Should he believe me the vile wretch I am represented ? Oh, my soul ! it is insupportable ; the very thought ! He cannot surely be so duped, oh, no ! he cannot ! Here, then, while I am alone, will I indulge the pleasing hope that he will find me in this solitary retreat, and with all his native enthusiasm for the sweet charms of retirement, resolve to spend his days with me here.

SONG.

Retir'd in this lone cot I'd live,
My Theodore, with love and thee ;
'Tis in thy power alone to give
Such heaven-born rapture—shall it be ?
Ah, shall it be the happy lot
Of her whose fate you must decree ?
Shall I, within this lonely cot,
End all my cares with love and thee ?

Oh, then, how happy shall I be,
When here with thee, my love, retir'd,
From scorn and persecution free ;
What more on earth can be desir'd ?

Haste, then, and crown my fancied joy,
E'er some new griefs my breast assail;
Nought can our mutual bliss destroy,
Within this sweet romantic vale.

(While ELIZA is singing, GOODY GUBBINS enters unperceived through a door in the back scene; Eliza begins spinning.)

Goody. (*Aside.*) Dear lady, I believe she ha' lost her wits; 'Tis a hard case for such a sweet, pretty Miss, to be turned out of such a grand house into the wide world, and have to come to this poor hole. She be indeed an angel, as son Lubin told I; I thought it were some chantment when I were in the dairy, and so I com'd softly to hear, and it were her beautiful voice. She is most desperately in love, poor lady; I ha' found that out, though she never told I.

Eliza. (*Giving a start and turning suddenly around, sees Goody.*) Ah! my worthy good woman, are you there?

Goody. Yes, dear madam, I be grieved to zee your ladyship at that wheel.

Eliza. It is the only little comfort I have. You do not, I know, wish to rob me of any enjoyment.

Goody. Indeed, indeed, dear lady, if it do give you any pleasure, it would make I very happy to zee you do it; but I's sorry to zee your ladyship take on so; all may be well yet; his honor, Sir Gregory, may repent; but he ha' treated you very cruel for nothing at all.

Eliza. He has, indeed, treated me very cruelly; but he is my father and I love him still; he has been the best of fathers, but oh, how changed! Did he only know the real truth of the matter, (as he will, perhaps, when I am laid under the cold and peaceful sod;) I say did he only know the truth, I should not long be suffered to remain an outcast. It is no matter—I will stay here as long as you will keep me, and though I shall always owe you a debt of gratitude, it will not be long before I can make you a pecuniary recompense.

Goody. O dear lady, you owes me no gratitude; it be I as owes the gratitude for such a great lady being so con-

descending as to take up with my homely fare. But I do think summut more troubles your ladyship; there be some nice young gentleman in the case, methinks, for I heard Lubin tell about one squire Theodore, and how he did take on when your ladyship was gone.

Eliza. Indeed! Did he really—and did he think me innocent?

Goody. Yes, surely, ma'am; I'll be bound to say so, for who could think such a sweet lady otherwise.

Eliza. Then you have had no particular assurance that it is so?

Goody. I did'nt speak out of assurance; I's only a simple country body, and if I ha' gin offence, I beg pardon.

Eliza. Offence! Oh, no! I love you as a mother; you have been more than a mother to me, for you have sheltered me under your hospitable roof; you have provided me with every necessary of life from motives of pure benevolence. You misunderstood me when I mentioned the word assurance; it carries a very different meaning to what you thought.

Goody. And the young gentleman will come to you for certain, and comfort you if so be as how that his honor don't come himself.

Eliza. Will he surely—and will my Theodore come to the poor outcast Eliza? "When will he come? Did your son tell you he was coming?"

"*Goody.* No, Mistress; but he said as how the man at the Inn, where the wicked Captain took un, would tell the young gentleman where he could find un, or else, mayhap, he would send word if he did not go unsel."

Eliza. It is strange he is so long; surely he will not forsake me; he must know me too well to believe the infamous tale—he cannot wrong me so much. But appearances—oh, they are black against me! Should he abandon me too! Why does he keep me in this state of suspicion? Why not fly to me on the wings of love, and vindicate my injured reputation and my honor? Why not pursue the wretch who brought me to this state of misery, with all the vengeance of an injured lover?

Goody. Indeed, dear madam, he will do it all; I knows he will from what son Lubin told I.

Eliza. What, my dear Goody, what did Lubin tell you?

Goody. As how he were the sweetest gentleman he ever seed, and so fond of un that he were half crazy to find un.

Eliza. Then we may still be happy in each other, and bid defiance to a treacherous world. Such wrongs as mine, so unheard of and unjust, are worthy such a champion as Theodore. My mind is easier since I have heard this news, and I will take a solitary ramble, if you can spare me for a little while.

Goody. I hardly know how I can spare you, ma'am, for I do find such pleasure in your company.

Eliza. I will soon return; till then adieu. [*Exit ELIZA; Goody takes her seat at the spinning-wheel.*]

SCENE IV.—An Inn.

Enter SADDGWICK and RIGBY.

Sed. It must be her; let's see—what is the woman's name?

Rig. I think he called her Goody Gubbins.

Sed. Her son is footman to Sir Gregory. How fortunate that we should trace her to the very spot. The distance is so short from here, I think our best plan will be to leave the postillion at this Inn, because we want no more witnesses of our transactions than we can help; we must take the chaise, however, with us, and that we can drive ourselves. When we have got our fugitive, we will stop here and take up our driver.

Rig. Every thing seems to favor our wishes; for it was the general opinion wherever we stopped, that she was either running away from a husband, or after one; her distressing appearance and the garb of her companion, the booby footman, all encourage this idea.

Sep. Egad, Jack, we are lucky dogs: the special license I have brought with me will gain me a passport to the altar of Hymen; but if she continues obstinate, we must drive further north, and at some obscure Inn get admittance into a private room, by means of a golden key—you understand me?

Rig. In plain English, you mean to say, you will bribe the inmates of the house?

Rig. Yes, from the landlord and landlady down to the groom and scullion : this will make them all deaf to her cries, and I must succeed,

Rig. That is conditionally, provided she will not go with you to church.

Sed. Conditionally, Jack ? Think you she will, not come too, when she finds herself beyond the reach of aid ?

Rig. She can have no alternative ; it will be the only *salvo* for her reputation.

Sed. If not, it is for ever blasted ; I will pronounce her shame to every individual in the house, and they will all be so many engines in her ruin. For this reason I have a particular place in view, where my gallantries are well known and approved of. It is such an Inn as I have mentioned, a few miles from hence ; and it will be some satisfaction, should our plans be ruined through her, that our ruin will be accompanied with her fall and disgrace. This will be ample revenge.

Rig. Never anticipate evil, Dick, we have now every thing to hope for, and very little to fear ; and unless we have the devil's own luck, to-morrow will see all our plans fulfilled. This night I much doubt the propriety of proceeding any farther. It is now late in the day, and Goody's cottage is a good two miles from here, as our landlord tells us. Suppose we conclude to suspend our operations till morning, and in the interval we will canvass the thing coolly and deliberately, and have a regular digested plan to act upon.

Sed. Agreed, Jack ; I think, on the whole, it will be the best ; we have had many difficulties to encounter ; and now, that we have got within sight of the port, we can safely anchor. I am, besides, half starved and nearly famished for the want of wine.

Rig. We will see what our host's cellar and larder can furnish us with.

Sed. Aye, and his kitchen too. I espied two buxom lasses just now, Jack ; they would greatly add to the repast.

Rig. One a piece, eh, Jack ? Away, then, here's at them.

Sed. We'll to dinner first.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A distant view of GOODY GUBBINS' cottage, surrounded by trees and partially visible.,*

Enter THEODORE.

Theo. Where does this Irishman linger? There stands the hospitable receptacle of the wretched, the lost Eliza Dunstable. After a long and fatiguing search, I have at length found out her retreat. With what joy, under happier circumstances, should I have beheld this spot? Oh, heavens! what an interview have I to encounter! How different from the last! How impressive, how charming was the scene! Innocence and simplicity was predominant in all she said and did. "The last time of our meeting—oh! can I ever forget it—I would have pledged my life on the truth. But never, never again will I be deceived by the spurious appearance of virtue; never again will I be imposed upon by the deceitful sex. They are falsehood all! vile, treacherous and inconstant. "But yet it cannot be. By heavens! they've wronged her. "She is, she must be true. 'Tis the world, the degenerate world, is false—and my Eliza is all truth, all constancy and love. Fool! to give ear to the tongue of slander. I have sucked it in, though rank poison to me. I'll haste—I'll seek her—I'll fall at her feet—I'll implore her pardon. "But, ah! if she is innocent, how could she voluntarily elope with such a wretch—and yet she did elope with him, and voluntarily too. This is a glaring truth, alas! too true. Oh, wretched, wretched girl!" Ah! some one comes! (*Retires behind a tree.*)

Enter SEDGWICK and RIGBY.

Rig. I judge that hut to be the place where we were directed from the Inn.

Sed. It must be so, for there is no other. Now, my friend, take your stand in yonder thicket, where you may see without being seen, and at the signal agreed upon, fly to my assistance; "we shall probably meet with no serious obstacles, as there are no male inhabitants in the

"house; and even should there be, there are two of us, and I wear a sword—so that we have nothing to fear."

"*Rig.* This place is so very retired, surrounded on every side by woods, that, even if she screamed, there can be none within hearing to restore her." Our post-chaise is but a few yards off; and, as for my landlord at the neighbouring Inn, he is firmly persuaded she is your wife.

Sed. But we are losing time, and, where we now stand, may be seen from the cottage; therefore, here we will part—you for yon thicket, and I to the arms of my fair one. [*Exeunt SEDGWICK and RIGBY different ways.*

THEODORE peeps from behind the tree, and after looking cautiously around, advances forward.)

Theo. Villains! have I caught you. Where is now my trusty Irishman; your success is not so certain as you imagine. She is not married it seems; so far I was right in my conjectures. "Then she may still be mine. This wretch is about to use violence in order to get her into his possession. Oh, my once virtuous and beloved Eliza! how miserably did you deceive yourself, if you ever thought to be happy with this abandoned miscreant! Did I not but now say that she might be mine. Perish the thought! But I yet may save her—I may yet restore her to the arms of her much injured father. Though he spurned her from his presence when she humbled herself before him and sought his forgiveness, it was in the first ebullitions of his passion, when he considered her as the wife and not the mistress of her betrayer. Little did he think she had yielded to the embraces of an abandoned libertine, without giving him a lawful right to those embraces, Ah! little did he think to what a scene of misery and infamy he was exposing her! All this was occasioned by the wretch pronouncing himself her husband, when he had the audacity to demand possession of her papers." Most fortunate—he comes!

Enter O'LEARY.

O'Lea. By me shoul, if I didn't come near playing a neat tupa with my shillelah about his his scull. Fire an'

ouns ! the sweet dear little cratur is no more his wife than I am. Did not I hear it from her own pretty lips ?

Theo. You have come most *à propos*. "May I enquire" what has ruffled you ?

O'Lea. I was only talking to myself, just, about that Judy at the Red Lion, where your honor left me awhile ago. He stood me out to my face, that she was the wife of the Captain, running away from him, and that your honor was a bit of a sweetheart of the lady's, running after her, in order to clap a pair of horns upon the head of the husband.

Theo. Ah ! ah ! Never mind my friend, it is of little consequence what he, or any body else about here, thinks of the matter ; we know the purity of our own motives. And now you must know that we are likely to have something of a scuffling match.—As I stood here meditating and waiting your return, I heard the rattling of carriage wheels, and turning quickly round, glanced a post-chaise, which you may see with the horses' heads tied to yonder tree. I fancy they left the postillion at the Inn, for none came with them here : most fortunately for me, I retired, unperceived, behind a friendly oak, and overheard their conversation. They are about to seize Miss Dunstable by force, and carry her off. It is lucky they have not got their driver with them, as they might then be too strong for us ; but we are two sturdy lads, Pat, and with the help of your trusty shillelah, we have little to fear from such emaciated wretches.

O'Lea. Sure, now, and didn't I see that same postillion ? Arrah, let him come, and a dozen more like him, and I'll send them all away with the mulligrubs before they know it—master and man, friend and foe. By my shoul, we will taich them better manners than to insult a pretty lady in distress.

Theo. I am impatient of this delay. Surely he cannot force her from the house, "if she strenuously resist him : "women are not easily conquered by violence ; and per-
"haps he may have recourse to some infernal measures
"which I shudder even to think of. I'll sliily steal round
"the house, and if there is any uproar within, fly to
"her rescue." In the mc an. time, you remain here ;

should you see me enter the house, it will be your signal to follow. [Exit THEODORE.]

O'Lea. A sweet young gentleman as ever the sun shone on; and so is the young lady to take her by her looks; and sure it's strange, now, that she should run away from such a pretty fellow, and be taken with that spalpeen, the Captain; but she has found out her error, now, since he treated her ill, and she will be glad to go back to her ould swateheart. By my shoul, it isn't myself that would have harbored him a single night in my house, if I had known that he was not married to the lady; and sure she is innocent, now, so far as it comes to the matter of sleeping; for she told me so herself; but it is very strange, sure, that she stopped all night in the room with him, for she could not get off from a hug and a squeeze. (*Smacks his lips.*) Women are but flesh and blood, and sure it is hard to blame the dear cratures for what they can't help, when temptations fall in their way; and sure its the men that are to blame, and they are not to blame neither once in a way, just, except they go out of the way, as this Captain did; and then sure they are big rogues, and big blockheads, and big scoundrels to boot. (*A noise without, and screams from a female voice are heard.*) Oh, oh, you're there, masters, two to one. By my shoul, they've got her. Now, my little countryman, (*brandishes his stick*) I'll see what you are good for; they are coming this way. Och! I'll make friends with this tree, just, and they won't see me; and then, by the powers, I'll give them a warm reception. (*Hides behind a tree.*)

Theo. (*Without.*) Villains! desist!

Enter THEODORE and RIGBY collaring each other, and SEDGWICK dragging on Eliza in a state of insensibility.

Theo. Detestable, insignificant coward, let go your hold this instant, or I'll—(*they scuffle—enter softly, from behind the tree, O'LEARY brandishing his stick.*)

O'Lea. I'll make use of a knock-down argument, which will soon do the business. (*Gives RIGBY a blow across the head with his stick and he staggers off the stage.*) Good luck to it, now for the other. (*Does the like to SEDGWICK,*

who also staggers off the stage. ELIZA falls into the arms of THEODORE.)

Theo. My brave, noble fellow, you have bound me to you in a debt of eternal gratitude, "which I will never cease paying till the last moment of my life. I am unalterably yours. Here, help me with this lovely burden; raise her gently, my friend, and while I support her with my trembling arms, and apply this invigorating scent to her nose, (*taking a smelling bottle from his pocket*) run you to the post-chaise, undo the horses, and we will take possession ere these villains recover; and before they can give the alarm, we will drive with the utmost rapidity to the next town through this bye-road, where we will change chaise and horses, and continue our route until we arrive safely at our house."

O' Lar. By my shoul, if it isn't the best sport I ever had in my life. I'll be postillion, and so neatly will smack it along to the tune of fid-re-I, which I will sing as I go along. [*Exit*

Theo. (Kissing ELIZA.) The last, perhaps, that ever from these lips you will receive, my once beloved Eliza. Oh, yes! and still beloved and pitied, though lost and ruined; but I trust not irrecoverably lost. Oh! to view that face! (*ELIZA reviving, opens her eyes, casts them on THEODORE, gives a faint scream, and swoons again.*) Eliza! my life! my love! alas! the sight of me has caused another swoon; this, sure, is conscious guilt; she dreads to look on me whom she has injured.

[*Exit with ELIZA in his arms.*

SCENE II.—A room in SIR GREGORY'S house.

Enter GRAY and VENIRE.

Gray. These accounts are all against Sir Gregory's tenants; make the best of them you can, and pay yourself without extortion. Be moderate in your demands, and you stand a chance of getting all Sir Gregory's law affairs into your own hands. His present attorney has overcharged his bills, on which account he talks of employing another. Mind your P's and Q's, and you are the man.

Ven. If I did not think so, may I never issue another

writ. I was sure that my merits would not forever be buried in oblivion. I shall yet be a great man! You, Mr. Gray, must pardon me for the offence I took at your innocent raillery. Your hand, my friend—Ezekiel Venire.

Gray. Esquire, is a whimsical sort of compound, made up of drollery and good humor, with a little tincture of arrogance and self-conceit, a necessary ingredient indeed of his profession. But thou art a good-hearted fellow, I believe, on the whole.

Ven. Thou sayest right. But the heart has nothing to do with the head of a professional man. They are two distinct parts, and exercise very different functions. *Necessitas non legem habent*, is a favorite maxim with us. All professions must live. The advice which I gave to Sir Gregory, on behalf of his daughter, was correct, and I declare to you (it is in secret, mind, as between friends,) that I shall consider him highly culpable if he does not commence legal proceedings against Captain Sedgwick. Had he prosecuted him once and failed, I should not advise him to do it again for the same offence; for it is a maxim in law, *meno debet bis vexari, pro eadem causua*. Perhaps you may still prevail with Sir Gregory on this subject.

Gray. That will depend on circumstances. Should Mr. Adderly succeed in discovering Miss Dunstable and bring her back with him, I make no doubt but the old gentleman will be persuaded of her innocence. I think it probable he will punish him. But I must leave you. Let me hear how you succeed with these accounts, and perhaps in a day or two I may have some more for you.

[Exit.

Ven. I had hard work to restrain my joy before him; and, egad! I let one or two things slip, which, perhaps, I might as well have kept to myself. Well, Fortune has at length relented, and I am now one of her happy votaries. Oh, Venire! Venire! long hast thou suffered the pinching hand of poverty, and after rambling through every part of the kingdom in search of business, at length sitteth thyself down in the neighbourhood of London, under the patronage of the great Sir Gregory Dunstable. Though I was repulsed at first, I persevered,

and perseverance always answers. *Perseverentia vincit omnia!* Now I will haste to my business.

To business haste away,
No longer I'll delay;
Oh, hold! What do I say?
I some visits have to pay.
I must around with my bills;
These indeed are bitter pills.
If they say they cannot pay,
They must name an early day;
And when that day arrives,
They had better loose their lives,
Than to put me off again,
For no longer I'll refrain.
Six and eight pence is my fee
For every visit that I pay.
I shall soon be full of cash,
And then I'll make a splash;
With my curricie and tandem,
I will drive away at random;
Then sing fol, lol, de ray;
Now to business haste away.

[Exit.]

SCENE III.—*An Inn.*

Enter THEODORE and ELIZA.

Theo. Cruel Eliza! When I first beheld you in sweet simplicity and blooming virtue, what joy—what rapture thrilled my every vein! It was then the tyrant Love besieged my soul, where, ever since, he has reigned, and now consumes my vital powers, and drives me on to madness! To see the object false, and yet to love, is misery indeed!

Eliza. Sir, I will not brook this treatment from you. If you saved me from disgrace and ignominy, at the moment that the ruffians were about to drag me, I know not where, it was an action meriting my highest gratitude; but I do not consider myself bound to listen to your insults. I beg you will leave me to my fate; that fate which, although it will soon drive me to despair, will never drive me to shame and infamy.

Scene III.] THE DISCARDED DAUGHTER.

Theo. I came not to upbraid you but to serve you; to warn you of the horrid gulf before you; and while you stand upon the brink of ruin, ere you fall headlong down the dread abyss, to snatch you from the impending danger!

Eliza. Alas! already am I fallen, indeed! But not from virtue, sir. I am fallen in the estimation of a once kind father—fallen from the pinnacle of grandeur to the abyss of misery and woe! (*Weeps.*)

Theo. (*Aside.*) I went too far; she weeps! Wretch that I am! She is, she must be innocent; every action—every look—every syllable declares it. (*To her.*) I have wronged you, my Eliza. I feel, I am convinced that you are innocent. Pardon my indiscretion in thus wounding your feelings. Heaven knows your sufferings have been mine! It was those sufferings which drove me here to seek you in your solitary retreat. Oh! hear me, my Eliza!

Eliza. No, sir. It is enough that you have insulted me, and branded me with infamy. You have rescued me from the hands of an abandoned libertine. For this I thank you; and must now rescue myself from another scourge, and that is your insolent and presumptuous self. (*Going.*)

Theo. Call me what you please, but do not leave me. Ah! have I become so indifferent to you. On my knees (*kneels*) I implore your pardon for giving too free a vent to the overflowings of my heart. Only say that you will hear my story, and I shall be happy.

Eliza. Since there appears to be no alternative, and as you accompany your arguments with force, I must remain.

Theo. Know, then, the villain Sedgwick has been to your father, and declared you his wife.

Eliza. That I knew before.

Theo. That you have long been on terms of intimacy with him, planned the elopement, and met him according to appointment for that purpose.

Eliza. Oh, the wretch! Did he go so far?

Theo. Yes, and further. He demanded your papers.

Eliza. Consummate villain! But sure he did not get them?

Theo. No. But it confirmed the story of your marriage in your father's mind.

Eliza. And did he seek no other confirmation? Did he make no further enquiries?

Theo. Yes; at the Dragon.

Eliza. Of whom? Surely the honest-hearted O'Leary did me justice?

Theo. He did not see him. O'Leary was following you and Lubin to Yorkshire.

Eliza. Of whom, then, did he enquire?

Theo. Of every individual in the house, and they all said you lived together as man and wife.

Eliza. Merciful Father, is it possible! This is the work of that monster of iniquity! He has bribed them to this. They all know it to be false.

Theo. He is a monster of iniquity, indeed. This unanimous testimony confirmed me in the fact as well as your father, coupled with the demand he made of your property; and hearing since then that he treated you ill, and that the honest Irishman had provided you with the means of escaping from him, and also that the good hearted Lubin had offered you an asylum at his mother's house, I flew, my Eliza, to your relief; to save you, as I thought, from the fangs of a cruel husband; to restore you to the protection of your father, and, having done that, to seek a refuge myself in some foreign country where you never more might see or hear from one whom I considered you had so much injured.

Eliza. Then you did pity me?

Theo. Pity you? I would give worlds if I could describe my feelings. But I learnt from O'Leary afterwards, that you had yourself told him you were not married, and likewise from Lubin. I could not doubt their veracity when I knew the part they had acted. I was petrified with astonishment! I was appalled! I was overwhelmed with grief, and agitated with suspense and doubts.

Eliza. How came you to pursue a wretch so base as you must then have thought me?

Theo. Suspense is, of all others, the most dangerous

canker-worm that can inhabit the human breast. To destroy it, I sought you, and you have destroyed it.

Eliza. I was well aware that a deep plan must have been laid for my ruin, tho' I knew not what it was; but when my father turned me out of doors, he had received no confirmation of the story the villain told him.

Theo. Yes; Mr. Brook's declared to him that he had frequently seen you in company with the Captain, that he saw you jump into the gig with seeming pleasure, and driven away without the least reluctance by him; and, although I have received no explanation of this mysterious affair, still I believe you innocent.

Eliza. But had not my father ungenerously, and, I am bound to add, cruelly spurned me from his presence, while I, in the humblest and most supplicating posture, intreated him to hear me, the whole affair would long since have been clear'd up. But, alas for me! the only person, to whom I had a right to look for protection, denied it me.

Theo. It was, indeed, ungenerous and cruel, particularly at a time when he had not received half the provocation he afterwards did.

Eliza. "The short time that I have spent in my solitary retreat, how often have I indulged the romantic wish that the shade of my departed mother might appear to my credulous and unkind father. Surely, thought I, the recollection of past endearments would soften his hard heart; but oh! how cutting is the thought that a child should be abandoned by a parent, an only child, and that child a daughter; one who has been the boast and the pride of that parent during the whole course of her life, and for a supposed offence, which he must or ought to have known her incapable of committing, basely to discard her!"

Theo. Yet, much as he has injured you, he loves you, Miss Dunstable, with all the fond, the most ardent affection of the tenderest parent. Let me, therefore, conduct you to him. He will now hear you coolly, and make you all the amends in his power.

Eliza. Yes, I will take your advice. I will fly to my father, and relate to him every particular.

Theo. Pray, indulge me in one more request, and that

is, that I may be allowed, as heretofore, to call you by the endearing name of my beloved, my ever dear Eliza.

Eliza. What! a false, ruined, lost, undone wretch like me! One who is standing on the brink of ruin, just ready to plunge headlong into the abyss of vice and infamy! beloved by one who is all purity and all virtue, who seeks but to save, who chides but to reform! Sure, sir, you jest.

Theo. O charming, cruel railer, forgive me; but, my Eliza, in pity to my weakness, attribute all to the excess of love. Had I been a mere friend, I should not have presumed, neither should I have been, perhaps, so much blinded, as to harbour a momentary doubt; but jealousy must be allowed to have some share in the composition of a lover. Forgive me, my Eliza, and let me ever call you by that endearing name.

Eliza. Gratitude obliges me to forgive you, for you are my deliverer.

Theo. And is there, my Eliza, no softer emotion still fluttering round your heart than that of gratitude? Have I not once been honored with a tenderer regard? And may I not still hope that Eliza will be mine?

Eliza. Yes, you may live in hope, at any rate, if you die in despair at last. You look so very faithful, and seem so much in earnest, that I really believe you mean what you say.

Theo. Ah! my sensations at this moment are too exquisite for utterance. (*Kisses her.*) Come, my love, it is time for us to proceed on our journey. I must hunt up O'Leary while you are getting ready. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—A room in SIR GREGORY'S house.

Enter SIR GREGORY DUNSTABLE, followed by LUBIN GUBBINS.

Sir. G. On condition that you will promise never again to absent yourself, I will retain you in my service.

Lub. Ees, zir, I vool.

Sir G. and she is, you say, at your mother's house in Yorkshire?

Lub. Ees, zir.

Sir G. "Wretched girl! And is this the return I am to receive from you, whom I have tenderly reared, whom I have doatingly loved? Is this the reward for all my toil, my days and nights of anxious solicitude, my lavish bounty, my unceasing liberality, my never failing indulgence? Ah! little do they think, who wish for children, what they are wishing for! Just as my fond heart was indulging its last grand hope of seeing her united to the amiable, virtuous Theodore, she sinks into the polluted arms of a base and an abandoned libertine; a wretch who has squandered away an ample fortune in drinking and gambling; and who is now, as I am told, reduced to a state of beggary, and, as his last resource, has married my unfortunate, wicked girl. But, tho' her fortune will soon be in her own hands, I will never give up a single written instrument till I am compelled to do so by law."

Lub. Begging your honor's pardon, if you will but allow a poor sarvant like I to speak, Miss be'nt married.

Sir G. How! not married! And who, pray, told you that she was not married?

Lub. She told me so herself.

Sir G. Then you, it seems, who are her prime confidant and protector, would insinuate that she is an abandoned prostitute.

Lub. I never heard, zir, whether she have abandoned the prosecution or not; she never told I any thing about it; but Mr. Venire said as how your honor would not consent to it.

Sir G. Well, well, I see you either do not, or will not understand me. Leave me, I wish to be alone.

Lub. Ees, zir, I vool.

[Exit.

Sir G. "This fellow is a strange compound of simplicity and cunning; yet there is something about him which very much pleases me. He possesses a feeling and manly heart, and has acted a noble part in risking my displeasure to provide an asylum for my wretch-

"ed, ruined girl." Not married! It cannot be! The villain's ends would not have been answered in gaining her as his mistress. 'Twas her money more than her person, that held out the ravishing bait. But she is unhappy! He has treated her ill! Ah! I would again receive and protect her; yes! I would with joy receive my girl, notwithstanding what is past, if she would consent never to see the villain more. Perhaps Theodore may prevail on her to return. But should it be as Labin says? not married! It cannot be! I will retire to my study, and strive to ease this agony of doubt. [Exit,

SCENE II.—SIR GREGORY'S garden, with a bower.

Enter THEODORE and ELIZA.

Theo. From the moment that I first beheld you, my heart has incessantly told me that you must be mine. "Six years have, like a shadow, passed away since first we met. The very day on which you disappeared was one of the happiest of my life. While in the garden, seated in a bower, sigh after sigh escaped from both our lips; but they were sighs of joy, and not of guilt. Thy blushes, dearest girl, were those of sweet simplicity and truth; they confirmed each word you spoke, and revealed more fully to my throbbing heart a mutual passion, than words or protestations ever could. But, my Eliza, when but a few hours after, I heard you had fled, and with a wretch like Sedgwick, judge what my feelings must have been! I cannot describe them!

Eliza. Neither will I attempt to describe how much I admire your constancy and virtue, which now display themselves more conspicuously than ever. When first I saw you, I only viewed your person, and even then—

Theo. What then? Do not cloak your words, my love. Even then you loved me.

Eliza. I will not now, with an affected modesty, deny what well you know. Yes—even then I loved you! And I am convinced, that what was then an artless passion, has now ripened into mature judgment. Every action of your life, but especially the last, confirms me in this opinion.

Theo. Angelic goodness! I cannot reply to such celestial language. Permit me thus to seal my frantic joy! (*kisses her.*) And oh! while I call to mind the first time that I heard thy heavenly voice pronounce me "*thine*," while the melodious sound still trembled on thy lips, I kneeled, and pressing thy snowy hand to my heart, called Heaven to witness, that you should be *mine*.

Eliza. But my father has pronounced the dreadful words, "*I discard you!*" Should he repeat them now! Oh! should he repeat them in defiance of all that may be said!

Theo. He will not. Resentment must, long ere this, have given place to pity and parental love.

Eliza. Appearances have been much against me. But black as every thing appeared, it was ungenerous and unfeeling to cast me off unheard. (*A noise is heard at the garden gate.*)

Theo. Who have we here? We are interrupted. Let us retire to a more remote walk. (*They retire to the back part of the stage.*)

Enter VENIRE.

Ven. I have gained admission here without knocking—the garden gate was not locked. Now, for my friend the steward, to report my success. This will make a very pretty item in my bill of costs: "*Attending Mr. Gray, your steward. Informing him the result of my exertions, &c. Thirteen and four pence.*" If I could but see the young squire now, what a charming *tête à tête* we might have by ourselves. I will enquire. Perhaps he may have returned by this time; and he is such an obliging young gentleman, no doubt he will take my advice.

Theo. (*Apart to ELIZA.*) Is not that the noted wag of a lawyer?

Eliza. I believe it is.

Ven. Ah! voices. I have been overheard—there is somebody in the garden. I'll retreat.

Theo. We shall have occasion for this genius. I'll detain him. (*To him.*) Nay, sir, don't let us frighten you away; we will leave you to your own meditations. The garden is large enough for us all to ramble in, without disturbing each other.

Ven. I ask your pardon, sir. Sir Gregory Dunstable has done me the honor to retain me as his professional adviser. My name and description are Ezekiel Venire, Attorney at Law, at your service.

Theo. I congratulate you, Mr. Venire, on your success. This lady, Miss Dunstable, is the daughter of your patron, whom I have been so fortunate as to rescue from the hands of ruffians, and am now about to restore to those of her father.

Ven. What! Miss Dunstable returned? Madam, forgive my rudeness. This will be a happy meeting to your honored father. Pardon me, Madam, when I inform you that you have been most vilely calumniated. It is a vulgar idea, though often entertained by the great, that the words, *lawyer* and *knave*, are synonymous, and it is this idea which leads people to brook insults and injuries rather than to trust their cause in the hands of a lawyer. "*The Law*," as Sir William Blackstone hath defined it, "*is a rule of conduct prescribing what is right, and prohibiting what is wrong*;" and hence it is very clear that it is the best and surest source to which an injured party can repair for redress of grievances.

Theo. You are right, sir, and I will take it upon myself to retain you on behalf of Miss Dunstable. There was a deep laid plan of villainy between this Sedgwick and his friend, Rigby, to come at this lady's fortune, and share it between them.

Ven. Among the catalogue of crimes, there are few known to our laws of a more heinous nature than that of conspiracy, and this action will lie. In addition to which, slander, assault and battery, and a number of others are open to her and her honored father, Sir Gregory. These delinquents ought to be punished, and it is in your power to ruin them.

Theo. What say you, my Eliza? Shall we leave the management of this business to Mr. Venire?

Eliza. I am perfectly willing.

Theo. Then, sir, take your own measures; at least such as the law will allow you.

Ven. Your orders shall be punctually obeyed.

Theo. We will leave you to indulge your own medita-

tations. Come, my Eliza. Now for the dreaded interview. *[Exit THEODORE and ELIZA.]*

Ven. Blind fortune hath at length regained her sight. My wishes are all crowned with realities. I am not only the Attorney of the great Sir Gregory Dunstable, but also of the great Mr. Adderly, who, I am informed, has noble blood in his veins, and though not a nobleman himself, is not far removed from one. He is now just of age, and if I have any sagacity will soon be the son-in-law of my patron. My fortune's made. I shall soon be a man of consequence, and instead of footing it through thick and thin, wet and dry, I shall mount my coach, or take a turn in my curricule or tandem. "La!" the country boobies will cry, with their mouths gaping wide open, as I rattle by them; "that be Squire Venire! Great lawyer!" But I must haste to my friend, the steward, and then to this important prosecution, which has so long been the idol of my hopes. Time is an important commodity with me now, and I must make the most of it. *[Exit.]*

SCENE III.—A room in SIR GREGORY'S house.

Enter THEODORE, ELIZA and GRAY.

Theo. My dear Gray, apologies are needless. If the scoundrel could counterfeit well enough to deceive Miss Dunstable, no wonder you were deceived.

Eliza. And did you, Mr. Gray, indeed, plead the cause of the unhappy Eliza Dunstable? Did you really think her innocent, when every thing appeared so black against her?

Gray. Indeed, Madam, I did. I should have been far less excusable than your father, to have allowed a momentary suspicion to creep my mind; for love, of every description, engenders jealousy, and parental love is as much subject to that weakness as any other.

Eliza. Indeed, sir, you have only done me justice. But I should be ungrateful indeed, not to thank you for your generous intercession with my father.

Theo. That was spoken like my Eliza. And now give me leave to put in a word, and that is to know when you expect Sir Gregory home?

Gray. I do not really know, sir. But here comes the Yorkshire footman, your humble friend, Madam. Perhaps Sir Gregory left word with him.

Enter LUBIN GUBBINS.

Lub. There be Mr. Venire axing for un in the hall, zir, and sent I for to zee—eh—oh,—what—no—yes—it be'nt, tho', young mistress.

Eliza. But it is, though, my worthy Lubin, the very same.

Lub. Ecod, zir, I don't care where meister be, so long as mistress be got safe huom.

Theo. Well, well, thou art an honest lad, and I admire thy fidelity. But answer my question.

Lub. Ees, zir, I vool, be it never so many.

Theo. When do you expect your master home?

Lub. Why, zir, I believe he be com'd now, for I heard the garden bell ring, and his honor mostly comes in that way.

Eliza. Oh, Heavens! The thought of meeting my father, although I never injured him, almost overcomes me.

Theo. Calm yourself, my love. Summon all your fortitude. You have nothing to fear.

Eliza. Step and see whether it was him, Lubin; I am desirous to know. *[Exit LUBIN.]*

Gray. Venire the lawyer is waiting for me, and I will despatch him at the same time. *[Exit GRAY.]*

Theo. Cheer up, dear girl. Happiness and unbounded felicity await us both. Those wretches will soon be in the clutches of the law. Oh, how triumphant is the path of virtue! Soon, my Eliza, this truth will be illustrated in the fall and degradation of vice, of which we shall behold an example in the miserable Sedgwick and his associate.

Re-enter LUBIN GUBBINS. (M. D.)

Lub. I was right. It is his Honor, and when I told un as how Madam and Squire Adderly be com'd, he put this in my hand, (*showing money*) and look'd so pleas'd as never were the like before since your Ladyship ha' been gone.

Sir G. (without.) Where is she! Where is my daughter! My poor girl!

Enter SIR GREGORY DUNSTABLE. (M. D.)

Sir G. My Eliza! my dear Eliza! (*Embracing her, she faints partially, but in a few moments revives.*) Is it thus we meet? (*Tearing from her.*) Oh! foolish fondness, I have pressed a viper to my breast, and, if report says true, a wanton!

Theo. Alas, sir! do not quite destroy your child. See how she weeps. In pity to her tender heart, have patience till you hear her sad recital.

Sir G. I will, dear boy. Thy hand, my more than child; My only comfort, and my only hope! (*Much affected.*)

Theo. Dear, honored sir, listen to your child.

Eliza. Oh, sir! do not look so sternly on me. I have never injured you in thought, word, or deed. I was basely entrapped by the vile Sedgwick, and my own credulity betrayed me.

Sir G. Credulity, indeed! Unhappy, wicked girl, you see the fruits of disobedience, but you are now of age; I have no right to controul your actions. This day I will put you in possession of your fortune, provided you will promise never to share a farthing of it with your worthless husband.

Eliza. My husband!

Sir G. Yes, your husband! Is he not your husband?

Eliza. Oh, no! my dearest father, he is not my husband; indeed he is not.

Sir G. What! this to my face! Not your husband! Then you are his——

Theo. Pray, sir, let me speak. She is as innocent now as ever. The wretch is not her husband nor her lover.

Sir G. (To Eliza.) Speak. Did he not carry you off, and are you not now seeking my protection because he had withdrawn his?

Eliza. Oh, ungenerous thought! You have been basely imposed upon. I allow appearances have been much against me; still I am innocent and free.

Sir G. Every word you utter carries conviction with it; yet you cannot deny the fact of your elopement.

Eliza. I will explain! The evening that he entrapped me, he succeeded, by counterfeiting the voice of Theodore, who but a few moments before had left me, and seeing the gig, I thought that he intended to take me by surprize, and treat me to a ride. I, therefore, without the least hesitation, suffered Sedgwick to hand me into it, and we had rode some distance before I discovered my mistake; but, when I did discover it, the horror of my mind, and the velocity with which he drove, prevented my escape. I was wholly in his power. We soon arrived at the Dragon Inn, and need I add, that notwithstanding, I am still innocent.

Sir G. And are you indeed innocent?

Eliza. Oh, my dear father, how could you for a moment think me otherwise.

Sir G. Innocent! Occupy but one room, and still innocent!

Eliza. Is not virtue proof? I was not in a barren wilderness, but in a thronged house, and my screams were my deliverers.

Sir G. And who protected you?

Eliza. The master of the house; for, though he thought the wretch my husband, he would not suffer me to be abused. He kept watch over me that night. The next day I flew to you for protection, you denied it me, and, in a state bordering on phrenzy, I returned to the Inn, not knowing where to go, and related the event to the benevolent landlord. Your faithful Lubin hearing of my distress, I know not how, offered me an asylum at his mother's house, and risked your displeasure to conduct me there. The good O'Leary lent us a Post-chaise, and even, unknown to me, followed us as an auxiliary in my defence, in case the captain should pursue us.

Sir G. Come to my arms thou injured innocence, and let me once again embrace you. Where is the monster? I mean the other monster! I am one, and worse, if possible, than him; but I will seek my vengeance on the wretch. He shall be punished. I have already suffered; 'tis now his turn.

Eliza. Oh, happy day! Now am I blest indeed! But do not tarnish this propitious meeting by such unjust

infectives on yourself. I know, my dearest father, you have suffered, and I, indeed, have been the unhappy cause. But your question is not answered: the villain pursued me to Yorkshire; how he found me, I know not; and the very carriage in which I escaped was provided for my capture.

Sir G. Explain, my child! There are more mysteries to be unravelled, it seems.

Eliza. Oh, yes, sir. Behold my deliverer! (*pointing to Theodore.*) You called him, not long since, your guardian angel, but surely he is mine.

Sir G. He is to both. The story of your deliverance I will hear at leisure. Oh, noble youth, you now are doubly dear to me. Thou injured innocence, my dear Eliza! will you forgive your cruel father's wrongs, stirred up by hasty passion without thought, and strengthened by the breath of calumny?

Eliza. Pray, do not ask of me forgiveness; I should be a wretch, indeed, if I could harbor resentment against the best of parents.

Sir G. (*Uniting the hands of THEODORE and ELIZA.*) Take this from me, as a pledge of your constancy, and a solace for your mutual sufferings and exalted virtue.

Enter LUBIN GUBBINS.

Lub. He's got um! He's got um! He's got um! He's got um!

Sir G. Got who, Lubin?

Lub. The Captain, and the other what d'ye call um.

Theo. Indeed, already! I will explain. I gave orders to Mr. Venire to have the villains arrested and brought here.

Lub. Ees, the bumbalies ah got um.

Sir G. This is joyful news. But who have we here?

Enter O'LEARY.

O'Lea. My name, please your honor's worship, is Mr. Patrick O'Leary, as his honor and her ladyship can tell, and this here bog-trotter of a footman, too, and a good piece of stuff, to boot, is he. Sure, now, your honor, I mean no offence.

Lub. Ees, sir! This be Mr. O'Leary as keeps the Dragon.

Enter GRAY and VENIRE.

Sir G. Ah! Have you got the villains?

Ven. Yes, sir. The bailiffs, who are below, had the good fortune to seize them just as they were entering the town, on their return from Yorkshire.

Sir G. Abandoned wretches! Vengeance now is mine, and they shall suffer. Too long their crimes have escaped punishment; away with them.

Eliza. Oh, happy, happy day! Should any disconsolate love-sick maiden be ever crossed and harassed as I have been, let her not sink under her troubles, but remember the happy triumph of the "DISCARDED DAUGHTER."

THE END.

EPILOGUE.

WRITTEN BY A. A. LOCKE, ESQ. AND SPOKEN BY

MRS. RUSSELL.

As sprightly sunbeams gild the face of day,
When low'ring tempests calmly fade away,
So, when the author's dark horizon clears,
Array'd in smiles the epilogue appears.

Yet am I vexed—and you'll be vexed—that's worse,
To deal with stubborn scribblers—there's the curse.
Write moral plays—the blockhead!—why, good people,
You'll soon expect this house to wear a steeple!
For our fine piece, to let you into facts,
Was quite a sermon—only preach'd in acts.
Still says our author, “Bards of the last age
Held up abandon'd pictures on the stage;
Spread out their wit with fascinating art,
And caught the fancy, to *corrupt the heart*;
But, happy change! in these, our moral days,
You cannot sport with virtue, e'en in plays:
On *virtue's* side, his pen the poet draws,
And boldly asks a hearing for his cause.”

Thus does he boast and talk—this man may prate,
And feed these whimsies in his addled pate;
Among the *Turks*, indeed, he'd run no danger;
They *sacred* hold a madman and a stranger!

Yet, soft! our author's fate you must decree.
Shall he come safe to port, or sink at sea?
Your sentence, sweet or bitter, soft or sore,
Floats his frail bark, or runs it plump on shore.

TO THE GALLERY.

Ye bucks *above*, restrain your awful thunder;
In his first cruise 'twere pity he should flounder:
Safe from your shot, he fears no other foe;
Not e'en the gulf that horrid yawns below.

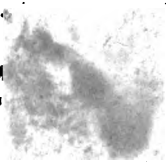
TO THE PIT.

No high-bred prudery in *this* region lurks;
 You beldly laugh and cry, as nature works.
 Says John to Tom, (aye, there they sit together,
 As honest fellows as e'er trod on leather,)
 "'Tween you and I, my friend, 'tis somewhat wild
 In that *Sir Gregory*, to discard his child;
 I would have hang'd him for't, had I been ruler,
 And duck'd that *Sedgwick*, too, by way of cooler."

TO THE BOXES.

Ladies, to *you* we now our cause submit;
 Your eyes shall tell us how our tale is writ;
 Your hearts the author's labours shall confess,
 The lively passion, and the just distress.

O could the muse one simple moral teach,
 From scenes like these, which all who heard might reach!
 Thou child of sympathy—whoe'er thou art,
 That, with the "*Outcast Child*," hast wept thy part,
 Go, search where *keener* woes demand relief;
 Go, while the heart yet beats with fancied grief:
 Thy lip, still unconscious of the recent sigh,
 The graceful tear still ling'ring in thine eye—
 Go, and on *real* misery bestow
 The blest effusion of *fictitious* woe!



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